



# Stormfront



👁 120 ✓ 7 ★ 11

## Chapter 1 by Paper Beard

The horses were playfully running round the field and there was a faint smell of tobacco in the air. The sky splashed with crimson hues and smudges of orange like the background of an oil painting by one of the old masters.

"Beautiful...". My wife's voice wisped into my ear. I could almost feel her warmth against me as memories of past evenings spent on the porch watching sunsets on warm summer evenings flooded my mind.

"Like you always were" I replied.

As I spoke, I could feel the words cut through me. I felt her warmth slip away. For that brief moment I had her back but it was only fleeting.

There was a nip in the air. Dark clouds appeared on the distant horizon. A pit opened up in my stomach and I was transported back the day the storm took her.

## Chapter 2 by Brock Thompson



That day had started out excellent. Sunny, blue skies, and big white clouds like pieces of cotton candy floating in the sky. I woke up next to my sleeping wife and slipped out of bed.

I had just made a pot of coffee when my wife walked in.

## Chapter 3 by King



"Help" she said  
she fell forwards and I spotted a tiny figure in the distance

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Chapter 4 by Harriet Jones, Mr Rydale North



"No no no NO!"

I grabbed her at the last moment, just before she hit the wood floor. I yanked the dagger out of her back, too adrenaline-filled to take care. She yelped but quickly resumed her scared, pained whimpers.

For such a tiny dagger, there was a <lot> of blood.

Ripping my shirt sleeve off and pressing it to the wound, I carefully turned her over. She clung to my shirt and clenched her entire body with each wave of pain.

I fought back tears as she placed a hand on my cheek and wiped away frightened tears. We didn't stop looking fearfully into each others' eyes until a safety clicked behind me and the cold barrel of a gun rested against my temple.

### Chapter 5 by Ephie



I was scared but losing hope wasn't an option. At this point I was crying, her tears dampening my shirt and her yelps and screams over whelming my mind. The blood was staining the carpet I was petrified and worried for her life. I was considering going after the monstrous person who had done this to my sweet angel like wife. Then I realised the importance of me staying here caring for her.

**Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8** (1 draft)

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